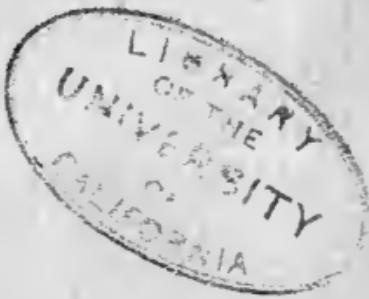


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Wandering CHORBS

by
Jno W. Stimson.
1903



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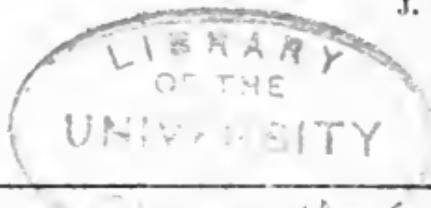
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These "Wandering Chords"

that have floated through the strings of different literary instruments, during an otherwise busy professional life, are gathered by request, merely to recall to a few intimate friends some varied human hopes, experiences, trials, sentiments and affections, still lingering about a maturing harper and his harp.

J. W. S.



[Gift of]

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Howard St. Munro

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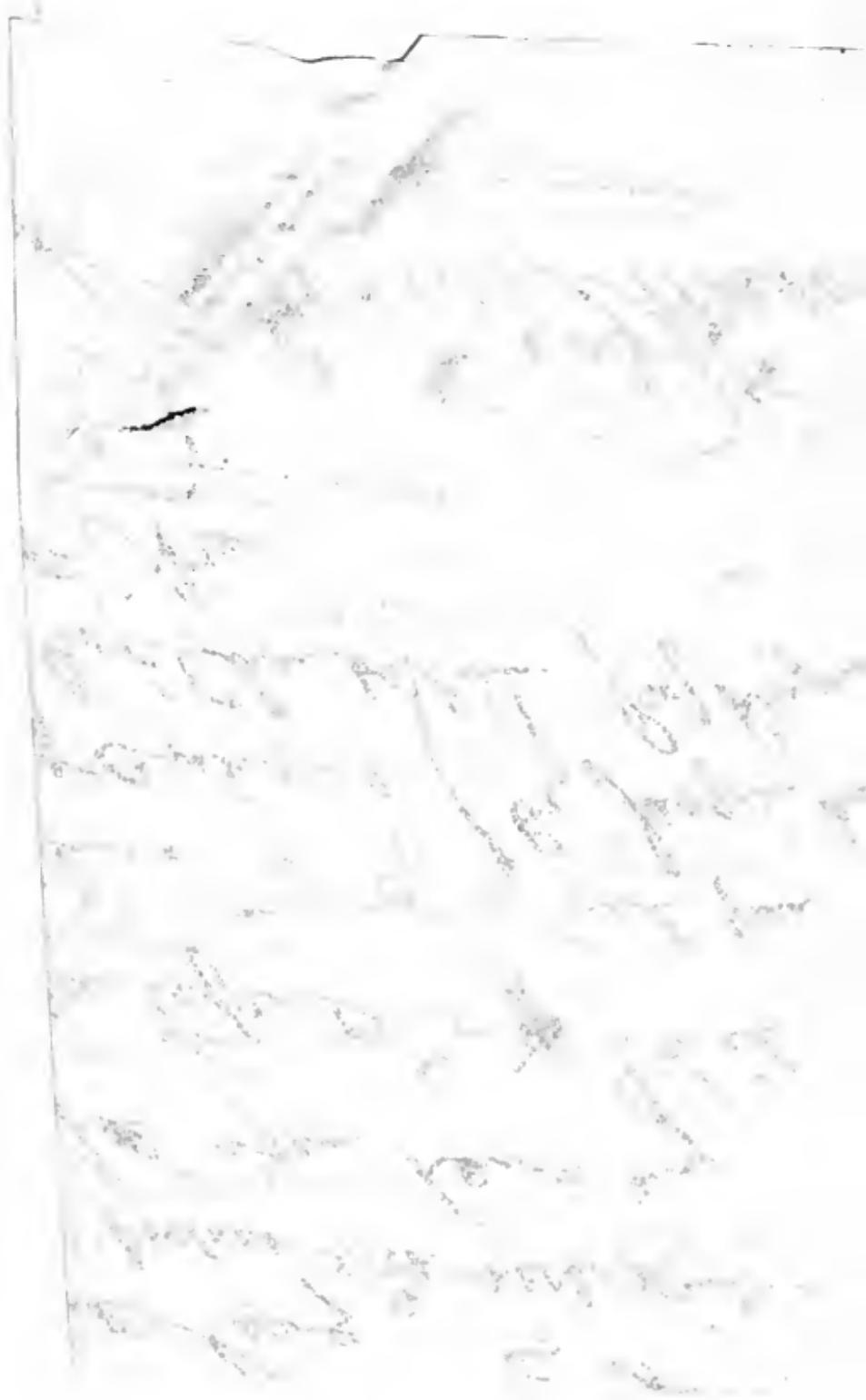
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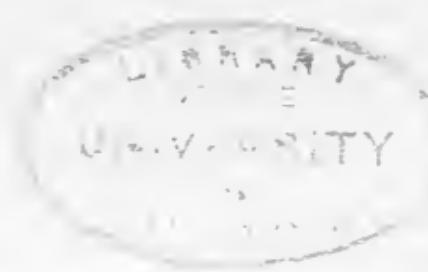
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Dec 16 1955
Woodstock, C.
Conn







My Southern Nightingale.

J HEARD thy tender voice, sweet Love,
That called erstwhile, across the void;
It dropped—like moonlight—from above
When faith and hope were nigh destroyed:

It came and settled like a balm
Within my bosom—still and calm.

The world had proved too rude and wild,
Too brutal far for birds of peace;
Too dank and bleak for nature's child,
And almost made fond love to cease!

But thy sweet notes awoke the air
And bade me banish all despair!

The days had grown too sad for me!
I loved the long nights deep and clear
When stars drooped down and came so near!
Then love sang low, and rich, and free!

—I know the fragrance of the year!
—I keep Thy Voice—in heart and ear!

The Spirit's Hour.

MY mocking bird, full oft, in vesper twilight
still,

Croons in a low refrain, to south winds soughing by;
And tunes his glowing throat to echo back each trill
Of far off fading notes, from warblers in the sky.
When every murmuring chord has sunk beneath
my reach

He sits, alert there still, himself the sound to teach

So with that "still small Voice" that broods o'er
poet soul,

So sacred sweet and low—mysteriously shy!
Ye cannot catch its call, nor hear the chariot roll
When fanning seraph wings and thundering hosts
go by,
Except in holy tryst ye wait—nor deaf nor blind—
Like weird Aeolian harp wooed by the whispering
wind.

Then breathe the mystic spells that haunted Orlean's
maid;

The trump that summoned Troy; the Sibyl leaves for
Rome!

Then drops the Manna Dew; then breaks the Magic
Bread,

While thousand souls are fed that to the master
come!

Then John on Patmos hears—then Paul by wayside
sees

The heave niy Light of Life, while fainting to their
knees!

Christ Tide.

FOND friend, accept these Christmas lines from me,
Borne on the gentle wings of modest minstrelsy.
For Love is like the ever-verdant pine
More fresh and deathless as the days decline.

See how serene and peacefully it stands,
Made all the fairer by the whitening lands.

Look! Dost thou watch the winter solstice grow;
Orion's diamonds gleam—the Pleiad tapers glow;
The shimmering moon mount through her mystic
skies
Leading the beacon lights of Paradise?

Hush! Dost thou note how every crystal rill,
Each pearly brook, each limpid lake, lies still?
Each blithesome bird, each flower in forest glade?
And over Earth her snowy mantle laid!

Hark! Hear it burst—the chime of Christmas bells!
O'er mistletoe and holly seraphs breathe their spells!
He comes! with love aglow and pity warm;
A million cherub hearts cling to His holy arm!

'Tis Love that lives and reigns with Life Divine!
All hearts are one tonight—so mine with thine.

Damascus.

{“Not disobedient to the Heavenly Vision.” Bible.]

EACH soul, upon the path of life, beholds
A Revelation!

And the fair “Beulah Land” unfolds
To each one’s station.

The sacred spirit comes, with thrilling voice,
And lo—a Vision!

Then is the hour of holy choice—
Decision!

Faint soul of man, by mystic angels led
Obedient be, and ready;
So, safely, bravely by The Master led,
March steady!

Thus shall thy way of joy grow strong
In full endeavor;
And thy bright path through Heaven prolong
Forever!

The Magi.

HE magi came at Christmas Tide,
Into the night, with gifts resplendent !

Coursers, camels, robes of pride,
Wealth of satellites dependent.

They came with pomp, they came from far
And followed fast, the "Morning" Star.

Lo ! in a cradle made of hay
A monarch from the heavens lay.

Was it a king, in glory dight ?

No ! 'twas a Child, in pink and white !

It, too, had traveled alone from far,
And came in the arms of the "Evening" Star.

Which of the twain shall we worship most,
The star with the train and the splendid host,

The star of Triumph, the star of Power ?

Or the star that twinkles at twilight hour,

The Love Star tender ? now watch and see,
It is the Magi that bend their knee !

Ah ! splendors of wisdom, pride and wealth ;
Glories of genius, knowledge, health ;

Powers of busy brain and feet ;

All of the treasures of earth complete ;

Spirit of Beauty and Love ! at last

At Thy tiny feet all crowns are cast !

Stronger Than Death.

DRIFT winter winds! Drive chilling frosts!
The strength of love is what it costs.
The strain we bear for our Ideal
Is that which proves us true and real.

For love is not that fleeting name
Feeding itself on Passion's flame;
But that serene, celestial Fire
In which our baser selves expire!

It is the pure unsullied snow
That journieth where the winds blow.
It cometh—whence? It goeth—whither?
Ah! 'tis a shaft from God's own quiver!

Its wing is wide—its flight is long;
And deathless is its Death Song!

Spiritual Comradeship.

SWEET friend, so fair, serene and pure,
I turn to thee as toward my compass sure,
Not with the flickering flame of vain desire
But for the soul's deep fountains to inspire!

I dare not covet—As with evening star
I watch, I wonder, and I worship—from afar!

Saint Valentine.

TRUE deathless Love is not
That breeze that comes and goes,
Nor is it that faint fragrance
That fadeth from the rose.

Nor is it that still beauty
That haunts in pearly shell;
Nor soft and trembling musie
—So sweet—that there doth dwell.

Ah me! It is that Something
That grows within a seed;
That struggles up to Beauty,
To Fragrance, Musie, Deed!

Still in those roots 'tis living!
'Tis slumbering in the shade!
It cannot pass nor perish!
For not by earth 'twas made.

Ruth.

•W^{HERE} thou goest I would go!
With the rise or fall of tide,
In the ebbing or the flow,
Where thou bidest I'd abide !

Nothing other would I know,
Over earth or under sea;
Nothing that the world can show
Would I share apart from thee!

On thy breast my heart would lean;
In thine arms —beside thy cheek!
Nothing half so dear hath been,
Bravely true and tender meek!

Oh, beloved, I am thine,
Though the stars fall from their skies!
All the constellations shine
In the vortex of thine eyes!

When the angel choirs ring
And the trump of God shall call,
To thy heaven my spirit bring!
Be my Eden—all in all!

Arma Virumque.

WHO is the hero? Not the brave
Who on the field of glory sleep;
Immortal banners o'er them wave
And the proud states their vigil keep!

Who is the hero? 'Tis the slave
For whom the gentle angels weep;
Who toiling onward to the grave
Has but his tryst with God to keep!

Who is the hero? 'Tis the weak,
The martyrs, prophets, poets, seers
Who, through the long nights dark and bleak,
Watch—till the Lord-of-Life appears.

The Victor.

TELL me what is brave and strong
In Life's battle task so long!
Is it hidden deep in History?
May the seer discern its mystery?

It is not the lion tawny,
Nor cold glinting Croesus money.
Croesus and his hoard have perished;
All he grasped and saved and cherished;
And the lion, in the wild,
Slaughtered fell by dart of child!

I will tell you what is strong:
He that watcheth all night long
By the bed of loved and lost;
Counteth all that love hath cost—
As the death damp settles o'er it,
And the heart hath broke before it,
And the pale lips pant and quiver
By the dark bank of Death's river!

Shall I tell you what is brave?
'Tis to stand beside the grave
Of a Hope forever thwarted,
Of a Joy forever slaughtered;
But to stand and battle on
'Till the victory is won!

Go and find me now a monster
From the jungle or the mountain;
I will find you some sweet songster,
And the laugh of gurgling fountain!
But the monster's name shall perish,
And his bones shall deck the mountain;
And the songster—God shall cherish,
And the earth shall guard the fountain!

Bring me now a mighty warrior
Who hath slaughtered many a foeman;
Time shall chain him in its barrier,
And the stars shall blight his omen!
They shall chase him in their courses—
Sizera fled, with all his horses;
And Belshazzar at the feast
Saw his power and pride had ceased!

Do you think the Christ was weak
When he stood so wan and meek
Struck by blow of brutal soldier?
Tell me, pray, which man was bolder,
He who struck—or he who stood
For the Victory of the Good?

Do you think that Love is best
Slumbering on its idol's breast
When the night lamp glinteth low
And the heart beat pulseth so?
When the curtain's softly drawn
'Till the purling of the dawn?

No! That Love is deeper, stronger,
That must ever onward wander;
Knowing well its wealth of rapture
Is too choice for time to capture!
It is tender—it is meek,
And its voice too low to speak—
But it scaleth Heaven's wall
At the Trump-of-Gabriel's call!

There, within celestial chalice,
Far from sorrow, pain or malice,
Free from wordly blight or stain,
Thou shalt find such love again;
All that wealth of Passion tender,
Robed in angel forms so slender;
Where the seraph choirs are pure
And the Peace-of-God is sure!

Garlands.

("DECORATION DAY.")

OT HE gathered garlands deck the soil
Which marks the hero's strife and toil,
From Marathon to Waterloo
There's ever some brave deed to do!

Be it the mother, at the birth,
Bringing some new soul down to earth;
Or weary father, at the plow,
While anxions furrows sear his brow;

Some brother, plunging in to save
Some sister from a watery grave;
Some sister sewing long and late
To help some brother to grow great!

How shall we measure "hero" blood
Which bears the brunt for human good?
There is no limit, standard, bourn
To the brave lives for whom we mourn.

Save that one limit—"what we can"!
Save that one standard—"perfect man"!
The hero springs at Heaven's call,
He does his utmost—that is "all"!

Boanerges.

"I answered thee in the secret place of thunder." --Bible.

THE forces of God's Word
Are hidden with the Lord;
From the shades of his pavilions
Doth he watch and ward the millions
Of his host.
Of all those ranks resplendent
And the trusts on Him dependent,
None are lost!

Oh, wounded for his cause!
Dost thou tremble, then, and pause?
Oh, souls so full of sorrow
And anxious for the morrow
Of his Sun,
'Mid the mystery and wonder,
From His "Secret Place of Thunder,"
It is done!

Commanded.

JT was the breach of battle—and the cry,
Rose like a wail of agony: "They fly"!
The first battalion—over on the right?
My bravest men!—all night
They've held, alone, that hill.
Great God! but for one hour still
'Till daylight come and aid!

Hark! there, I hear the drum!—afraid?
What, every one?—to go
Across the valley, in the teeth of that fierce foe
and tell?
Oh, some one must, though it be through the
mouth of hell!

Here, drummer boy, you're fleet;
Lighter than stags your feet,
Drop drum and all!
Haste to that wall!
And cry
To the brave men on high,
"Help is at hand,
Only stand!"

Fleet as a deer—fast he bounds!
Shot at and pierced through with wounds;
Blood stained his fair boyish hair;
Fallen! twice! thrice! but he's there,
And they hold with a cheer!
Hard pressed, worn down, but grim,
With the bright news from him.

And when our fresh troops sweep
Over the foe—up the steep—
And the great fight was won;
When all was told and done;
There on the blood stained grass,
In a sleep that should never pass,
Lay our boy—lay our pride!
And our tears though we hide,
Still I can see, now,
How the troops kissed his brow,
As the colonel's own voice said the prayer
Which had cried that “command” of despair.

* * * *

As we laid the frail corpse to its rest,
Taking tokens for those he loved best,
“Mother's Bible” we found on his breast.
Then the sods fell, and choked was our breath;
And we wrote over: “**FAITHFUL 'TIL DEATH.**”

Feste-Burg.

[“Having done all—stand!” Bible.]

THE long brave battle is complete!
Our rugged veterans have swept the hill.
About are faint and fallen at our feet
And the loud clarion halts us—“Still!”

The Truth has vanquished and the sullen foe
Has struck his colors and surrendered sword;
The terms God grants him, tho' we may not know,
“Be still and patient!” is the Captain's word.

Strong sunlight sweeps the war fog from the crest;
Soft breezes fan each pained or fevered brow;
Our swords in scabbard, and our arms at rest;
“Halt! and take respite” is the order now.

So sweet the ministries that angels bring,
And bright the garlands gathered at the gate!
Dost thou not hear the prophets and the martyrs sing
“They also serve who only stand and wait”?

Soldiers of Truth—thy mighty battle done—
Rest now, in patience on His Promised Word;
Thy warfare ended, and thy victory won,
Stand still—and see The Victory of God!

Freedom.

HOW shall we sing Great Freedom's song
That marcheth on through ages long,
Her feet all scarred with shard and thorn,
Her back bent by the burdens borne?

What star is this upon Her brow?
—A gleam that yearns All Truth to know!
What song is ringing in her ears?
—It is the Music of the Spheres!
What pulse that fills her mighty soul?
—A Mother's Heart—that loves the Whole!

What Ephod, shot with glittering gems
Shines vast between Her shoulder hems?
—These are the kindly gracious Arts
By which man grows his noblest parts.
What girdle this, so broad and good?
It is the "Band of Brotherhood."

What golden cords and silver line
—Enwrap Her loins—Her garments twine?
They're Duty, Courage, Faith and Prayer,
And Hope triumphant o'er despair,
And Zeal that spreads the flame of Love
'Till every tyrant shackle's clove!
And Pity bending in the dust
And bearing scorn (where'er she must)
To lift, to lighten, to reveal,
And from that dust to God appeal!

This is Her Form—so grand and free—
That marcheth on to destiny!
This is The Mother of us all,
And this is God-born-Liberty!

The Victory of Trenton.

[Anniversary.]

HARK! The beat of muffled drum
Ragged veterans—straining fast!
Starved and bleeding—lo! they come
Frozen by the wintery blast!

What is poverty or shame,
Shock, privation, wounds or fear?
Lo! their hearts are all afame—
Human Liberty is near!

Hounded by a despot lord,
Pounded by the river's ice,
"Fatherland" is still their word,
Priceless Freedom still their choice!

* * *

+ What is this we see today
Through the land where thus they bled?
Subtler tyrants still seek sway,
Sleek Corruption rears its head!
Hush the march, and still the trump!
Mock them not with brazen blare;
Purge the ballot and the stump;
Save the Nation—ye who dare!

Boast not of your patriot sires,
Of the blood they shed in vain,
While ye quench their sacred fires,
And your birthright sell "for gain!"
Who will fight as once they fought—
Suffer loss and scorn and shame
That our land shall not be "bought"
Nor their Freedom fade—a "name?"

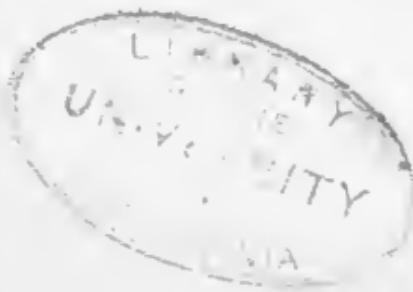
Elephantis.

[On the beautiful group of mountains near Lake Placid, N. Y., called "The Giant Elephants."]

STALWART and grand
"The Giants" stand!
Crystal rocks are their bones within;
Their pulse blood is the living spring;
Their long scarred seams on their hoary hides
Are the gorges of the forest sides;
Their trunks on high in sublime advance;
Their roar the mountain avalanche!

Emblems of TRUTH'S almighty power
They scorn the flight of the passing hour;
The mists and snows they little heed,
Coursing their rugged loins in speed.
The tempest flays their flanks in vain
With lightning's scourge—with blighting rain.

The ages come, and the ages go;
The spring time flowers—the winter snow,
Clad in their robes of ermine white
They bare their brows to the polar night;
And the stars of God shine down, in light,
Upon their splendor of solemn might!



Self Reliance.

ONE thinketh he must "dine on meat",
Another "tastes but herbs",
Adores conventions—this or that,
While Doubt his soul disturbs.

He trembleth at the breath one,
He shrinks to suit another,
And seeks, by shutting out the sun,
His better self to smother.

They care not—cruel critics all—
Whose gain is other's loss;
Whose pride is only tinsel,
Whose virtue's showy dross!

The angel Death shall smite them—
The end of Time for all!
The heavenly test is: "Who has lived?"
But not their "codes" at all!

So—east my casements open!
Let in the joyous day!
I love—this is my token—
I have not long to stay!

To Caiaphas.

J CARE not a coin for your crown!
—Ye priests of the science of Self,
With phylacteries falling low down

But your prayers and your poses for pelf!

Ye climb to your steeples so high,
Yet mock at the heroes who die.

I care not a coin for your blame!

—Ye drones that lay burdens so vast
Upon Life with its rapture and flame,
Yet out of your temples it cast!

I gladly haste forth from your wall
To find Mercy and Beauty for all. }

Ye trees that are barren of figs

—While ye rustle and flutter your leaves!
I fly from your convents of prigs
To gather life's sacredest sheaves!

Ye neither pass in at the gate
Nor suffer the sad that there wait. }

Go! gather your harvest of dust

And whitewash your charnel of bones!

Go heap up your coin—if ye must—

And pile up your crumbling stones!
Build houses—till there be no room!
They shall fall at the first crack of Doom!

I care not a coin for your pride

It is false, it is barren and drear;

It is waste that is washed by the tide;

It is chaff—when the harvest is sere!

Let me live! Let me love till the last!

I will still live and love—when all's past!

Two Ways.

A BRAIN—most vain for clarity—
Came marching down the road.
Said he: “I’m famed for charity;
I grasp—then give abroad.
My wealth is without parity,
I am—a little God!”

Just then there passed “A Carpenter”
It was The Christ Our Lord!

He bore the kit of toiler;
For daily tasks—the tools;
He wore the garb of moiler
(So much despised by fools):
He passed that vain despoiler
Who sought His Heaven “by rules.”

Quoth Christ: “Good friend—a lesson
I’ve learned in High Schools.”

“Not all the pride of giving
Can lift from man his sins;
Nor in the pomp of living
Is where God’s grace begins.
Be fair--before you’re generous;
Be modest—ere you’re proud;
Do Justice and love Mercy,
Walk humbly with our God.”

Stephen Stoned.

Y
E did not give me Breath!
I was sent here
With many a longing, faith and fear,
Into a globe like one vast swollen tear—
To save from death!

Ye did not give me Life!
I came upon the breeze,
A murmur in the mulberry trees;
A spirit sent o'er weltering seas
To still their strife.

Ye did not give my Dream
That night and day enwrapt my soul,
And bade it drink its bitter bowl,
And to the mighty social whole
Prove far more than I seem!

Ye did not give me Praise!
—For when the blows of fate fell fast,
And all the spite of Hell was cast
Full in my face—ye too, the last,
Your hands did raise!

Ye did not give my Song!
—Out of the depths there came A Voice to me
Saying: “Arouse! Rejoice! Look up and see!
Preach to the poor enslaved! Go set them free!
Loose their dull thong! ”

And so I sang my Lay:
“God is a SPIRIT in the earth and air!
He breathes in atoms all that’s good or fair
Beauty for ashes! Fail not nor despair,
He brings The Day!”

The Living Church.

THAT great day cometh, saith the Lord,
"When not on tablets, stone,
My laws of Truth and Lovè I'll write,
But in man's nerve and bone.

"Within the marrow of his soul
The fibres of his heart,
I'll grave my Codex—as a whole—
Nor scant a single part.

"No longer then shall steeples tower
To totter, strain and fall;
And upwards, in that sacred hour,
Shall rise no narrow wall!

"With heart to heart, and eye to eye,
The living—not the dead—
Shall be my Church, and in them, I
Their Bridegroom shall be wed.

"Not Law, but Love, shall be my spouse;
My children those of Deed;
And Human Brotherhood arouse
From cant and creed and greed.

"United shall my church arise
From every clime and age;
Against the host of hell—midskies—
For Michael they'll engage.

"Victorious then, in heavenly peace,
With every foe o'erborne,
Sorrow and Death and Hell shall cease,
And My bright Crown be worn."

Magdalene.

THEY brought me to the Master
And said—"She's devils seven!"
He bade them "take the devils,"
But took me—into Heaven!
"She sinned because she loved much;
She shall be much forgiven?"

They shrink away, revengeful,
A devil in each heart;
They tore His brow with brambles;
Through me they drove their dart !

— But Resurrection morning
I heard the angels call!
I was 'the first' to clasp Him!
I did "out run them all!"

John Brown's Grave.

(North Elba, Adirondack M'ts. N. Y.)

A FIERCE wild ery against the night!
A shot—a halter—and a grave!
Here lies the lion in his broken might;
There mounts the unshackled human slave.

Still now, and safe from every tyrant foe,
Upon God's uplands—hush—he sleeps in peace!
The stern grand mountains, in their purest snow,
Guard like grim wardens—until warfares cease.

The murmuring forests with their mighty moan;
The lone shrill eagle 'mid the storm swept skies;
The age carved boulder of primæval stone;
Watch where the old saint's bruised body lies.

Hark! from the eagle upon widespread wing,
I hear that shrill scream, ever and anon;
Here by the sad grave humble birdlets sing;
There the Great "Ghost" goes marching on!

A Vision.

They tell me that John Brown is "dead;"
That he sleeps in his grave—in a bed
Of the rocks and the sands, and the snow
And the forests of long, long ago.

But I tell them I wave what they say
To the winds and the snowdrifts at play;
For at midnight—at Christmas—he came
In the moonlight—the stillness—the flame!

And he stood at my window—so white!
—With his granite face grim in the light;
And the Christ child was clasped to his side
As he said: "For this child I once died!"

Then turning as though they must go
They looked in my heart and said, low,
"There are so many millions to save;
Should one sleep—in one's peace—in one's grave?"

11 Penseroso.

OLD years! fond years! sad years!
Ah—Why so full of tears
For the love left but half said
—To the living—to the dead?

O—why the waste and strife
When the fleeting cup of life
Is rich in sweetest joys
For the hearts that Love employs?

Like a chord that's lost—a strain
That may never come again,
Is the fragrance of those years
That were washed away in tears.

Lord of Life and Love! Once more,
Ere we're gathered to Thy shore,
O come to us again
With Thy Love—without the pain!

Buonarotti's Madonna and Child.

[Medici Chapel.]

 RAND Sacred Mother! bending low,
Above thy boy, thy marble brow,
And brooding on the coming years;

Thine aching heart seems strained to know
Its wealth of joy, its weight of woe,
Too deep for tears!

Thine ample bosom, rich and kind
Seems bending down, as if to bind
Its pent up agonies!

He drinks its tide, its ebb and flow;
And like a giant seems to grow
To deathless destinies!

Madonna Mea! grand and true!
I clasp thy knees; I yearn to you
In speechless sympathy!

I am thy humble human child,
And thou our "Blessed Mother" mild,
By His "Fraternity."

Bind me, in love, upon thy breast;
There firm in faith and trust to rest
Eternally!

Teach me, in strength like his to grow,
And live to him—like Angelo—
And Immortality!

Stabat Mater.

SERAPH of the starry zone
That sitteth by the open tomb,
Thou rollest back the ponderous stone
And bid'st the risen spirit: "Come!"

Thou sayest to him that falleth low,
And clasps thy feet with humble prayer,
"Dear soul—look up from all below!
The Lord has risen! He is not here."

And to the weeping women, dear,
Who stand and ring their hands in grief,
Behold thou driest every tear,
And pourest on their hearts surcease.

And lo! as now we watch the Gate
We catch His streaming light afar;
And hear His tender voice: "Await!"
I come—with my triumphal car!"

His Time.

J ASKED the good Lord, frankly,
To grant me, once, a prayer.
He seemed to keep it from me
I swooned in blank despair!
The night lay dank about me,
The shades were tightly drawn,
I woke—and cast them from me!
The gift was there—by dawn!

Esperanza.

WITHIN the darkened curtains of my room
I watched my taper die,
And dreamed, because of gathered gloom,
Midnight was nigh.

When lo! a tender star diffused
Its faint far light;
So, through Life's hurtled storms confused,
Love loomed in sight!

Hespera.

IT WAS evening—in midsummer's hush
That Love came down—with Passion's rush!
—Only the angels saw her blush.

Precaution.

J MET a lady fair, one springtime day,
I looked—she said: "You'd better look away!"
I looked again—with eyes too 'tranced to part!
She smiled—serene—then gently broke my heart!

A Contrast.

JSAW a cold and stalwart wall
Frown down to lift a grapevine small;
But, when the vine had grown to strength,
It held the wall—through all its length!

“The wall” was Virtue. But “The vine”—
That was of Love the choicest wine!

The Lily and the Rose.

[A Harmony by Contrast.]

OHERE grew a lily by a garden close,
And just beside there flamed a ruby rose.
Quoth lily: “Thou art fairer, friend, than I!
See how immaculate and cold I lie,
While all the summer odors pass me by!”

Then spake the rose unto the lily fair,
“Thou art so pure and white, I love thy air
Of stately chastity—thou vestal fine!
Would that thy gracious elegance were mine:
Naught can thy classic lines and forms refine!”

“But,” quoth the lily, “by thy purpled vest,
And all thy tangled passion, warm impressed,
I know thy Heart—afame with Rapture’s wine!
Would that I had a fragrance such as thine!

Naught can such wealth of ecstacies combine! ”

"O Trumpet of the **Holy** one—so white!"
Thus spake the rose: "Thy being, full of light,
Is matchless music! while my tangled leaves
Are ravished by the nectar hunting bees,
And I am swept and broken by the breeze!"

* * * *

Then came an angel, in auroral light,
And kissed the lily on that cheek so white;
And culled the rose and laid it on his breast;
And by its side the lily slept at rest;
And e'en the angel knew not which was best.

So passing through the Gate of Heaven, he trod
The pearly Path where shone the throne of God.
And asked: "Which flower in Beauty, ranks above
Its fellow fair?" Then, with celestial nod
God answered: "one is TRUTH, the other LOVE.

"Hast thou not read, in my First Book (of Truth)
How I refined pure patient Faith in Ruth?
Yet in the Second Chapter (of my Love)
How the warm Heart of Mary I approve—
Though the red dart of sorrow through her drove?"

Then, stepping down to earth, the Godhead shone
Upon two hearts which Fate was making one.
He entered like "a guest"—serene, divine—
The crystal Water changed to luscious Wine!

So burst the festal joyance into flame!
You know that Feast-of-Cana—and His name.

Gavin and Babbie.

[Character in Baryes' "Little Minister."]

*G*REAT nature's heart knows every child
She bears from out her forests wild,
Or vales, or hills, or moors, or glens;
And whither each one's pathway wends.

She gave them birth—she gave them grace—
And breathed the poem of each face.

omitted x

Take us, O Mother Nature, then,
And bear us—in thine arms—again!
We long unutterably for Thee;
Into Thy bosom broad we flee.

Thine are the tides that fire our blood;
Thine are the dreams that o'er us flood;
Thine are the longings toward the good!

But what is Good? Great Nature, Thou
Alone canst tell—when?—who?—and how?
So let the voices of the blest
That stir us, lead us, too, to rest.

And in the place of void and chill
With Thy full Self our beings fill!

*x a stalwart soul austere & bold
young Gavin's heart Her faith shall hold.
But Babbie, full of fire & grace
Shall be the flamelines of Her face.
Those flames shall melt & forge his force
His iron shall shield her grace's course.*

Japanese Lilies.

J SAT in silence watching
Some bulbs of lilies grow.
When all about was wildness,
And all the land was snow.

My life had pined in sadness,
My heart nigh turned to stone,
Till memory was madness
And sorrow clove the bone!

Then turned I toward the lilies,
Whose roots were dipped in sand,
Whose tendrils grasped but rocklets,
While yet their dreams were grand

I fed their rocks with water
As time had fed me tears;
I dipped their sands in moisture
As grief had dipped my years;

And slowly from the shadows
There grew a bloom of Youth,
A fragrance and a floweret;
—It was the Dream of Truth!

It was The Bulb of Beauty
—That rose through grief and fall!
It was the Faith in Duty,
That conquered—all in all!

Buddha Bell.

J AM the “Buddha Bell”
That was born of a song and a sigh.
My strokes the long ages tell
As the children of men go by.

I breathe in the air and the sky,
My notes are the centuries roll,
I bend to the low and the high,
And hearken to Nature’s soul !

I am the “Buddha Bell” !
My heart is of mellow bronze;
My old worn sides reflect
Her flowers and leaves and fronds;

And I glance to her waters below,
And gaze on her stars afar,
While my vibrant chords outflow
Without a single jar.

I am the “Buddha Bell”—
With deep voice soft and low;
I know Life’s mystic spell,
Her tones as they ebb and flow.

Her choirs of Heaven and Hell,
Her anthems of earth and of air,
Are caught in my bosom’s swell
And rung to Eternal Prayer !

To a Japanese Nocturne

[Of Birdlets Asleep in the Full Moon.]

 **T**HE night is still—the willows droop,
The film threads tangle all the sky,
The cloudlets swim through curl and loop,
The twilight sounds go murmuring by.

Wee birdlets, on the bending bough,
Fall nodding low, with breast to breast;
And he who has not sung enough
He is the Poet of the rest.

For lo! the full moon rolling up
Will not awake them while they sleep.
She pours for them Nepenthe's cup
And doth her tender fledglings keep.

Ah, Mother God, across whose breast
By night or day the planets roll,
Keep us, Thy fledglings, safe at rest,
And be the moonlight of our soul !

Fire Flies.

Faint, mystic fireflies, that glow
Along our path, as home we go,
When twilight shadows gently fall
And vesper bells begin to call.

Ye are the spirits of the plane
That light our fond hearts home again;
Ye are the twinkling lamps of bliss
That toss to us the hearth's bright kiss.

Thy fairy torches seem to be
The Pleiads of life's mystery!
They are God's constellations low,
That stoop to help the humble grow.

What would our summer evenings be
Without thy matchless witchery?
Sweet falling stars! Ye bring us Heaven
Close down to Earth to make it Eden!

Rest.

HOW sweet when winds and waves awake
And evening lamps burn low,

To wile an hour upon the lake
And with my skiff to row.

To hear the quail within the brake,
The piping snipe by shore,
The wild duck fluttering from the lake,
The mountain's rich encore!

O for the breath of breezes sweet—
The frosty air and chill
Descending on the summer heat
With evening's whip-po'will!

The low stars blink out, one by one;
Slow grows the evening hour;
'Till from the embraces of the sun
Night rests in all her power!

Stars of Midsummer.

DEEP, soft and rich the blue of night
Settles o'er all the landscape wild;
The woods are still, the eve is light,
And I am hushed—as Nature's child.

I dread no care, sourcie, nor pain,
But fix my heart, and trust in God.
The year has ripened all my grain,
And brought to bloom my golden rod.

Hush, now, my soul, in Nature's arms,
New born, within, from doubt and care;
From all the vain world's false alarms;
They fright not where God's angels are!

Dark clouds above—like clouds within—
Are rift by silent, silvery bars;
And over all Earth's load of sin
I watch the deep set summer stars!

Orpheus.

J HEARD a blythe bird sing, at break of day,
A strange sweet song;
So silver clear—a woodland roundelay—
And long!

It "seemed a bird"—had I not better say?
For from my dream I woke;
And while, all wondering, on my couch I lay,
A seraph spoke

And said, with sweetness that no mortal kens,
"Tis Nature's voice!
She speaks whenever willing souls attends,
Rejoice!

She watches for the open heart,
And falls
Into the fevered pulse; Her art
Enthralls!

In every glade thou hearest Orpheus play;
In every flower there lurks an angel song;
In every gem there hides a heavenly lay;
And Time, the choir, shall but the notes prolong!"

Voices.

("There are, as it were, so many kinds of voices."—
Bible.)

THOU sayest "Silence golden"—Why so bold,
When evening echoes, low, though tipped with
daintiest feet,
Still whisper back to whisper, with fond murmurs old,
And kiss the gentle zephyrs in a cadence sweet;
Still lightly trip in music over moor and wold,
And breath their evening "Good night" to the
slumbering fold?

Nay, surely, say not so—since from Creation's dawn
The morning stars rang out their song of rapturous
glee;
When o'er the azure depths rode forth the gladsome
morn,
And angel choirs took up the wonderous symphony!
Then sister Pleiad sang, as earth wheeled into line
And hailed the newborn's health, in quaffs of
heavenly wine.

Thou canst not so—since John on sacred Patmos slept
And saw the Heavenly Hosts disclosed in dazzling
white
Each, with a harp and song, out of the darkness lept,
And struck the chords of fire with notes of solemn
night.
Then Christ Himself, grand leader of the choir
Moved o'er the worlds His wand, and did the
strains inspire.

Nay verily! While earth rolls 'round on spinning
wheel,

And all the fragrant grass, like axle, seems to burr;
While there are lips to speak, and hearts to throb and
feel,

Thou canst not still the accents of Dame Nature's
whirr;

So long as bright waves break, and birds are on the
wing,

And rivulets rush, and rills do ripple to the sea,
Thou canst not quench Her voice, nor bid her cease to
sing,

Nor—impious cry, "the word of action should not
be!"

Death and decay, with clammy hand and cold.
Or he—dull, craven soul—who doth his mission shirk,
May love the silence blank of Chaos drear and old,
"For the night cometh," fast, "when man may no
more work!"

Till then, give me the song that sings in every bough;
The insect, bird and beast, that wake the echoing hill;
The kiss of maid and child that flutters to my brow;
The linnet, lark and thrush, the evening whippoorwill!

Strike high the Harp of Life! nor run the heart's
wine low

Till Ocean's depths are dry and Time itself is still!

Great Hearted.

FRIEND, doest thou know those words—
Rich as are all the Lords—
Vast like some swelling river,
Or some Aladdin treasure
Scorning all bound and measure?

Seest thou the full moon merge
Into the ocean's surge:

Rush into every rill
Till the vast inlands fill?
—Wild flag and wild cress thrill!

God loves a greatheart, giver.

Knowest thou the wild dove's nest
And the down, torn from her breast

When her weelings shiver?
From her heart's blood ta'en
Though she fall slain !

God loves a fondheart, giver.

Hark! Hast thou heard that song
Larks pour when springs are young

Till the full woods quiver?
"Joy to the world again!
Good will to loving men!"

God loves a cheerful giver!

Easter ... Resurgit.

HARK! 'Tis a trump I hear!
Across the moorlands clear—
Above the mountains bold—
So wondrous new, yet old!

'The Year! The glad New Year!'

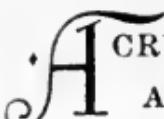
Loved hearts, long gone to God,
That sleep beneath the sod,
Do ye in victory sing
When through the welkin ring
Those voices, "Spring! 'Tis Spring" ?

O faithful spirits fair
That to the world declare
Thy mystic message long;
Then join the heavenly song
Within the upper air!

Yes! clear we hear again
Thy rapturous cry to men;
"Death is destroyed, and hell!
Behold the buds that swell—
Ideals from God's ken!"

They cannot die — they live!
O'er all things they survive!
They shall not fail, nor fear;
They usher in the year;
And lo! he rocks they rive!

Spring Bugles.

 CRY! A wood-note from a bough!
A sweet voice o'er the valley hurled!
A strange, strong fragrance breaking through
With murmurings of the under-world.

The gurgling rush in hidden nooks,
The mystic something in the air;
The melting snow, the sap, the brooks,
The peeping verdure everywhere.

O blessed Life, again renewed!
O tender Voice—without—within!
O sunny land—though tear bedewed;
Dear Nature, purified from sin!

Ah me! methinks as shadows fade,
That I am Hope, that spreads her wing.
Awake sad heart, be undismayed:
It is the Spring! the Spring! the Spring!



Spring Snow.

It Was not cold—the soft spring snow—
And, open wide, I threw my gates.
With windows back, and face aglow,
I cried aloud: “See ! March abates.”

The spring had come, the birds were here,
The winter fled, I feared no cold;
—When suddenly, from out the clear,
There fell these flakes o'er moor and wold !

The trees were bending 'neath their load
The birds flew fluttering 'neath the pines;
And far and wide a hustling goad
Drove everything before the winds !

But see ! The sun has come again;
The eyes are rippling with fresh rills;
The snow is soft and warm as rain;
The air is full of birdlet trills !

* * *

’Tis so my Love draws back her lips,
To watch my startled eyes grow sad.
She’s mischief—to her finger tips !
She loves to tease—then kiss me glad !

March Breezes.

Now, stirring in the womb of Life,
Great Pan enkindles all his fires !
His spirit flames to woo his wife,
And all the winds are his desires !

Bright Nature hears his manly call ;
She robes herself in silvern green ;
Unbinds her locks—lets girdles fall,
Till her fair maidenhood is seen !

Then sparkling o'er the bursting brooks,
She glances at him, wild and free ;
While, from the mountain tops, his looks
Of rapture tell of joys to be !

And all the rills begin to rush !
And all the saps begin to spring !
And in the woodland's deepest hush
He woes her with his wedding ring !

My Artist Palette.

J'VE A PALETTE that can glow
With the glories of the sun,
Flower and fruit and bright rainbow—
Yellow, blue and vermillion;
Green and gold and carmine red
Dripping with the blood of wine:
Orange, azure, olive, rose,
Silver sheen—this plaque of mine.

When I slip it o'er my thumb,
And the oil has filled the cup,
Life's no longer stale nor dumb;
Lo! the sprites that lick it up.
Fairies, sylphs, and seashells gay,
Waves and sands and tides that run;
Birds and beasts and youths at play;
Twilight flames when day is done.

See the rich bituminous lakes,
Where the night glow slumbers deep;
How the pearl-hue o'er it breaks
When the young moon wakes its sleep.

Then the crinkling threads of fire
Through the dark, cold ultramarine,
Stir my heart with strange desire,
Like some nymph in elfland green.

Now I see the years unrolled,
Since the morning star was set,
When its point of liquid gold
Lit the land, by bright dews wet;
And, from out eternal space,
Poured the tide of ceaseless Form;
All the wealth of Beauty's race,
Up to day-god, from the worm.

Oh, the splendors of the sky,
And the scenes that o'er it pass;
And the phantoms streaming by
In the shadows of the grass!
Oh, the treasures of the eye,
And the dreams within the soul!
So we thank Thee, Lord on High,
For Thy wealth of Nature whole.

Whip-po'-will.

THE cool, sweet Spring has come again,
And farmers fling their golden grain;
Then as the bright days linger long,
Out from the woods there bursts this song,
Which seems my very soul to thrill—
“Work-with-a-will! Work-with-a-will!”

The snow and frosts are fled apace,
And New Year smiles with kindly face.
Strong Youth discards all drowsy sleep,
And driving plowshare fast and deep,
He loves thy hail across the hill—
“Work-with-a-will! Work-with-a-will!”

It stirs his heart with Hope's allure,
And pledges blessings sweet and sure,
Of home, and love, and life, and wealth,
And, best of all, sweet, holy health;
And far into the twilight still,
It seems the whole round earth to fill—
“Work-with-a-will! Work-with-a-will!”

Brave bird, they have belied thy strain
That changed it to some sad complain.
Thy bosom could not bear that smart,
But calls amain from hero heart—
Its clarion floods the rich campaign
With triumph and with courage plain—
“Work-with-a-will! Work-with-a-will!”

Robin Red.

OUT in the cherry tree, singing and wooing,
Jolly Red Robin sits, billing and cooing:
"Speak quick Love! quick! quick Love!
Cheerily! cheerily! merrily! merrily!"

Bounding and bubbling, the rollicking lover
Dashes down deep in the daisies and clover:
"Merriwig! perriwig! fiip-flap-fling-a-jig!
Come along! sing a song! Spring will be over!"

"Precious dear, I am here, down in this hollow;
Here's a worm! watch it squirm! Why don't you
follow?"

Slim and slick! pick it quick! all for you, Dearie!
Make haste! take a taste! here's to you, Cheerie!"

Now in flight, fast as light, diving and rounding.
Branches break, babies wake, groves all resounding.
Back to the cherry tree—that's where he's going—
Rich and strong, still his song merrily flowing:
"Red ripe! such a sight! see the bright blood start!
Such juice! this its use! Drink deep, Sweetheart!"

Up in the tipmost bough, sitting above her,
Robin, the jolly bird, sings, a true lover;
Rollick and frolic, and frisk under cover:
Just wed, bosom red—brimming all over!

Beauty or Love.

FAIR Beauty, wand'ring by a crystal spring,
Did find Adonis bathing in its stream;
Her loveliness so rare, entranced his heart
 to sing,
And all his ravished fancies set adream;
Then stepped she back, so lightly, in amaze;
It left his wondering spirit all adaze.

Upsang a turtle dove with bosom white,
From out a bough, above her gentle head:
"Fair Beauty, thou art such an heavenly sight
That thou mayest smite my young Adonis dead!
It were not well that thou so fair shouldst be
Unless thy heart can feel Love's charity.

"What were the riches of the Orient wide,
Or all the pearls that revel in the sea,
If they about a proud, cold heart abide,
As if to rose there should no fragrance be?
As though fair hand took down a golden lyre
Yet never let warm heart its strain inspire."

Then Beauty looked again, with gentler eyes,
And lo! Adonis woke from out his swoon.
So threaded they that Dance of Tender Sighs
Where melts the magic of the harvest moon.
So on her gentle bosom slept his heart,
Nor evermore (say shepherds) will they part.

Maidenhood.

HY doth one love to look in fond and pretty eyes,

Deep, rich and kind, of fair and witchy maiden ?
Why doth the heart's flame burn and beat in sighs
All to dance a measure with a playful hoyden ?

Sure, I know full well—but the secret would not tell !
Should you wish to know, go wander by the seashore,
Gather up the purest, the pearliest blushing shell,
Hold it to your ear, and hearken to the sea roar !

There, within its heart, the ages lie in wait !
All the mystic dreams that man could ever sigh for ;
All the dazzling splendor that pours through Heaven's gate ;
All the music, sweet, that seraph harps draw nigh for !

Put your cheek up close and listen to its chords ;
Press your lips down light to kiss its pink-and-white-ness ;
Could you paint it now, or catch it up in words ?
If you could—you couldn't tell a maiden's light and brightness !

Droop upon my arm, O dainty dimpled face !
Faint upon my form, fair lily in thy splendor !
All the tongues of Time could never tell thy grace,
Nor the marble's blush thy matchless beauty render !

Her Challenge.

WHO will sing a maiden's grace?
Who will paint for me her face?
Whence has come her witchery?
Whither wends her mystery?

Who those atoms wove together
Out of winds of every weather—
Breeze of spring and summer's passion,
Autumn's swoon, and winter's fashion
When against the purest snow
Reddest berries gleam and glow?

Who has drawn such seraph lines
In her limbs—like marble vines?
Who has dimpled in her cheek
Witcheries so mischief-meek?
Who has painted in her eyes
Nocturne dreams of Paradise?

Who has hidden in her breast
Twitterings of the songbird's nest ?
What the mystic tide that swells
All her bosom's dales and dells,
Quivering o'er the rosy nipples
With its laughter and its ripples?
Who has carved her rounded thighs
Into madness, longings, sighs?

Who has filled her cradled womb
With Life's magic sunlit gloom ?
Who has thrilled her mellow heart
With its rapture and its smart ?
Who has crowned her holy head
With the living and the dead ?

* * * *

Tell me this—and you may tell
Eden's bowers of Asphodel !

Sweet Briar.

SWEET BRIAR! Wild Rose! all alone and shy,
Didst thou dream that I, of all, 'ere could
pass thee by?
Modest, fair and fragrant, in the wildwood shade,
Where the Lord once hid thee, fairest flower he made.

Ah! thy witchy coyness is but woodland sleep
By thy dewy shyness made more rich and deep;
In the bosky shadows of thy green retreat,
Safe thy spirit slumbers till thy Prince it greet.

Tender pearl of flowers! how thy heart I know!
Though thy petals quiver still, with love aglow;
Though thou flutter, trembling, far into thy nest,
I have found and bound thee safe upon my breast.

Shall I fear thy thorns, Love? Gentle Eglantine!
They were born, perchance, of dread thou might not
be mine.

Now no foe shall harm thee, evermore at peace,
Fond and fragrant Sweet Briar, let thy exile cease.

All Three.

A SONG of love fills all the glades,
And bird-nests in the tree;
All meadow lights and forest shades;
Then why not—me?

The flowers in love their heads recline,
And drink it like the dew,
From morning's blush to eve's decline;
Then why not—you?

God floods all space, from farthest star,
With Love's great troth;
It filleth Heaven, to where we are;
Then why not—both?

He says He sends Love's angel out
To thrill where'er we be;
He fills her heart without a doubt—
Why not--all three?

Southern Nightingales.

OF ALL the strains of music
They trill who flood with song
The summer days till evening,
Or midnights rich and long,
There is no bird so plaintive,
Nor yet so wild and gay,
As Southern mocking-bird, so sweet
When moons are up—they say.

My heart knows well that music,
I've dreamed it—O so long!
I heard it in my slumbers,
It filled my soul with song!
'Twas crushed—'twas killed—within me
By northern cage and bars!
But still 'tis in my moonlight!
—'Tis singing in my stars!

The Full Moon and the Bird.

Upon my evening porch when south winds sigh
and fan,

'Mid honeysuckle vines, I watch the full moon rise;
Fair Nature's great gold heart—whose veins bright
liquid ran

With love and life and flame, when first she spanned
the skies !

 Ah me—what molten tide, with Passion's bliss
 aglow,
 That swims and sways and throbs in Love's deep
 undertow !

My heart toward her doth melt, whose fingers twine
my hand

With quiet pressures kind—yet need we never speak!
Forth from my latticed shade, our chorister so grand
—Our mockingbird—doth pour, pure from his bub-
bling beak,

 A strain so rich and free—so ecstasy inspired—
 Each heart has told its tale, and heard what it
 desired.

Full well the nightfays know, with woodlore wise and
wild,

The secret these two tell—The Fullmoon and the Bird!
The moon's my own full heart, by Love's sweet ways
beguiled.

The "Bird"—ah, that's my Bride—whose song of Life
I heard;

 Soft, low and deep, indeed ! then bursting light
 with joys
 —Bright, tripping, rippling, rich—her witchery
 employs.

Love's Waiting.

MY Love and I are watching
Our altar fires glow; .
Dear missals slow consuming,
The embers burning low.

Their sacred ashes whiten
And crumble into dust,
Love's passions droop and lighten
Because she says "they must."

Fond fingers sad relaxing,
Fond sighs are hushed asleep;
Her tender laws exacting
Their toll of patience reap !

She will not let me clasp her,
Nor yet the wedding come!
She's whispered: "Love, hereafter!"
—And glided from the room!

Little Love Cries.

LITTLE Love cries
With his fingers in his eyes !
—Wet his hands!
See he stands
At thy garden gate.
Dost thou make him wait ?

Little Love implores—
See his heart's rich stores!
Wond'rous things,
That he brings;
Boundless treasures rare!
Why make him despair?

Little Love pines—
See—his courage now declines!
How he stoops
And his head droops.
Naught he further sings
Under his fallen wings!

Little Love dies!
Canst thou drown his cries?
O cold hard heart
Slain is he by thy dart !
O Fair Maid, without ruth,
Wake to his Passion's truth !

Sparkles.

MY Love and I are "sparking"
Amid the garden flowers,
To happy mischiefs hearking—
So gay the sunlit hours !

O Life, that made the zephyrs
So wanton and so sweet,
The ewe lambs and the heifers
So light of playful feet ;

The birds so full of love song,
The butterflies of glow ;
The roses blush, the day long,
With Passion—Thou dost know !

Ah ! Maker of Life's longings,
Hast Thou a playful Heart ?
And dost Thou joy in joining
Two lovers long apart ?

Gay or Grave.

J ASKED her: "In Love is Life playful ?
Or is it profound (as to me) ?
—The foam with the sunlight of day, full ?
Or deep like the depths of the sea ?

She smiled as she answered me slowly,
With voice that was tender and low,
With deep eyes so vast and so holy,
"If you feel it—I think you will know."

Then I looked in my heart and I found it !
At morn it was blithe like the light;
But at evening when twilight surrounds it
'Tis richer and deeper than night !

The Covering of Dreams.

•WHEN evening light descends upon the day
And home these gentle lovers take their way,
Somehow, to him, all hallowed o'er she seems
With heavenly light! He covers her with dreams!

Her step to him is lighter than a fawn's;
Her eyes more limpid than a liquid lake;
Around her brow an aureole, like the dawn's;
And, from her lips, the words in music break!

He steals his arm but shyly to her waist,
So like a goddess rare and fair she seems!
Her kiss he covets, but he dare not take:
His heart's a worship—covering her with dreams!

What will she do! Will she divine his face
And read her glory in his trembling heart?
Will she requite his love with equal grace,
Or chide and chill him—till they drift apart?

Love's Wedding Ring.

COME, Love, to the window
And watch the new moon fill!
'Tis like a dewdrop falling
That seraph hands distill!

'Tis just a ring of silver
With just a drop of gold,
That's fallen from God's finger;
And Love its margins hold!

It is our marriage symbol
—He knows how deep we love!
Our names are "called" in Heaven
—We're "wedded" up above!

Her Secret.

YOU think I do not know my love
That I so wayward glance and glide
Within the maze of whirlwind dance,
And outwardly my feelings hide?

You think I have no throbbing heart
That stills itself lest others see,
When fingers touch and fingers part,
And his dear face comes round to me?

I know his love in every step,
The passion yearning through his eyes;
The rich pulse burning to his lip,
Which woos me with its warm surprise.

I feel the quiver through his frame,
The strong knots in his tangled hair,
The hunger that he cannot name,
The tense look of his fond despair.

It is not true that "Love is blind"!
My pulses surge beneath his glow;
My heart to him is melting kind,
But I'll not let the cold world know.

Wait till the vain have fled and gone,
The throbbing music sunk to rest;
Wait till he comes for me alone
And gathers me within his breast;

Wait till the whirl has passed away,
Then in the moonlight rich and still
To him I'll give my love away,
And he shall have his true heart's fill!

Our Wedding Hour.

O LOVE! The south wind sighs
Our wedding sweet.
Fond hearts must blend
And passions pure must meet.
Each warm pulse burns like wine
Within our frames;
One are our souls, our beings,
And our names.

One living tide unites our lives
For aye!
Bright angel of my soul,
So long away
Where thou hast waited till
The heavenly call
Has made us welcome to give—
Take—keep—all!

This is the precious gift
Of life and power
We share now with each other,
Every hour!
Eternal rapture sheds its peace
Profound
Through all our being's compass;
Love is crowned!

One Instant.

PLEDGE me no troth in cold water!
Quaff me the bright wine that cheers!
Better alive for one evening,
Than dead for a decade of years!

Say but one word, that you love me;
One that shall banish all fears!
Best be a bird for one morning,
Than worm for a cycle of years.

Grant me one kiss, though it kill me,
—One that shall brighten all tears!
Best be complete—till Life fill thee
Than void for a thousand of years!

Breathe through my being one poem!
Make me but one of God's seers!
Best be a god for a moment
Than mouse for a million of years!

Thrill through my spirit one rapture
Music eternity hears!
Best be Divine—for one instant—
Than mortal ten billion of years!

Love's Passion.

JT is the hour of Twilight
When Love is on the wing!
And all the zephyrs calling,
And all the birdlets sing!

My Love and I are watching
The heavenly planets burn,
And each a kiss is stealing,
And begs one is return!

The "Great Bear" tramps his circle
Enchained about "The Pole,"
And I'm her "dear gruff tyrant"
(Because I'm hunger-whole!

Because I spare no moment,
Nor leave unkissed one spot—
So tight my strong arms bind her,
Upon my heart so hot.)

The Pleiads dance and sparkle
Like swarms of fireflies;
They match the twinkling mischiefs
That swim within her eyes!

Arcturus in his glory
Has bent his graceful bow;
Her eyelids tell the story
She lightly lets me know!

I think that Cupid's arrow
Is strained across that string,
For darts shoot through my marrow
—I feel her glances fling!

And up there Venus watching
Gleams down with heaving breast;
Her sparks and flames are catching
And give our hearts no rest!

Orion has a falchion
Upon his glorious groins!
My Love—an angel's cradle
Rocked in her pretty loins!

What shall I do for sighing
When Heaven rebukes my fear?
I'll wed my Love by starlight—
This is the Time of year!

Love's Canticle.

JT WAS my Love's sweet spirit,
I heard at midnight call;
He came on wings of longing,
I gave him all my all!

The angels fair from heaven,
They loaned him their bright wings,
And so he reached my bosom,
And all my being sings.

Now tell me, maidens tender,
Did ye not hear him come?
He clasped my form so slender,
He dwelt within my room.

Ah, vain and foolish virgins!
Your lamps of life are dry;
Your chalice dark is empty
When Love and Life draw nigh!

But he and I are spirits,
And heaven is here below!
And all the seraphs know it,
And Love and I do know!

The Woodland Wound.

JKNOW a fount of joy and pureness unalloyed,
A deep and quiet spring, most green and witch-
ing fair,
Where naiad forms enweave their gold locks, bright
deployed,
And drip the fragrant waters through their shining
hair.

There sleeps the queen of fays — the tender, gracious
sylph
Who binds within her tress my wandering moods and
sighs;
There gather all the hosts of gentle dreams; and elfs
That guide the kindled fancy through the night's dis-
guise.
The moon shines on that nook, the nightingale is there,
Wherein I met my love, so winsome, pure and fair.

She is the Cynthia of that woodland glen.
And all its matchless lore is written on her heart.
She hath wild Orpheus' lyre, Apollo's bow and pen;
She hath her huntress hounds, her nereids and her
dart.

Alas! one moon, whileome, she sped an arrow keen,
As I Endymion pale, gan walking in her glade;
I saw her gartered grace, her gathered kirtle's sheen,
And felt through every nerve the wound her shaft had
made.

One tide of glory fell, from brow to silvern shoon;
What could I do but spring to her fair feet and swoon?

Then bade she all her maids make bower for me to lie,
And with her woodland simples salved the dart's red
tide.

There at my head she sat, and garnered up each sigh,
And wrapt her arms, for healing, round my neck and
side.

Ah, what a wile was that! for each day deeper grew
The bruise that would not heal, the ache that never
passed,

The flame I could not quench, the pain that never flew,
Till her sweet love was granted, for the which I asked.

Then fast and high beat pulse, and banished fled the
pain;

And lightly through the woodlands we ran whole
again!

Slumbers.

SLOVE, as the shadows falter,
And the dews droop o'er the wold,
Let us hie to our own home altar,
And our wings, that are weary, fold.

As the stars shine out so tender,
And the moon, with its cup of gold,
Let us climb to our perch so slender,
To Love's nest—that is aeons old!

Let us nestle our snow white pinions,
And flutter our feathers of down,
While the stars flash out in their millions
And the moonbeams the midnight crown!

Ah then—as the planets sweep sunward
'Mid murmurs so soothing—so blest—
Heart to heart we shall dream, and float on-
ward!
We shall rest! We shall rest! We shall rest!

Peace.

J BREATHE, today, a peace no untried "angel" knows,

Because the winds have hushed that tore my tired sails.

Soft zephyrs soothe my brow, where hurtled late the snows,

And hawks have given way to rapturous nightingales.

The cold fierce north that drove, erstwhile, my stag-'ring bark,

Has lost its cruel hold, and, in the place of fear,
Kind balm fills up old wounds, and moonlight breaks the dark;

And flowers of spring burst forth from those wan mountains drear!

Fade, then, thou spectres grim, of Mammon, Greed and Care!

Fly far—who rob the soul to stuff the purse and mouth!
Be gone! blind tyrants base! Pride, Fashion, Caste, beware!

Deep, sweet and long I drink the fragrance of my south.

Fair Isles Atlantis rise where, hushed, the nightwinds sleep!

My boat floats light, and safe within its port!
Love's curtains closely drawn in raptures pure and deep,

God gives us Hope Etern'; and not one tired thought!

Pregnancy.

COOL blow the zephyrs in the July neat,
When, fresh with dawn, the dew has wet the grass;
From sleep refreshed and dreams both light and sweet
In quiet consonance the still morns pass;
Till noon shuts to the blind,
And Nature's hush
Tempers with fingers kind,
The rough world's rush.

There in the shelter from the troubl'ous mart,
Withdrawn from turmoil and in greenwood shade,
The "Love Child" nestles, close beside the heart,
That fairies put there, and the good God made;
There in its cradled bed,
In silent bliss,
With heartsease fed —
Born with a kiss!

How shall I step — with tiptoe, softly light
Enough to shield from shock the mother mild ?
Lean on my arm, sweet angel, cool and white,
And let the father bear thee, with thy tender child.
Rest in the hammock's arm;
Hearken the robin's note;
Hushed are the hums of farm
That to us float.

How shall I measure all the great gift's grace ?
How shall I treasure every throbbing pulse ?
Watching with anxious eye the dear young face,
And every jarring accident repulse ?
So let the sovereign power
Of Mighty Pan,
Shelter each holy hour —
He only can.

Warm is the pregnant year, and thou my precious bride
Knoweth Life's inward bliss, Her rapture deep !
Thee shall her wings enfold, thy gentle secret hide,
And brood upon thee with her quiet sleep.
Ye two, with mother's loves,
God keep from harm,
And guard His spotless doves
Safe in His arm.

Evolving.

MY LOVE is like a lily white
That grew at Easter dawn;
She came as comes an angel
That hails a holy morn.
Her heart is clear as crystal,
Her bosom pure as snow,
And fair and true her thoughts are,
As only angels know.

My love is like a blood-red rose
That bloomed in summer time;
Her heart is flushed to crimson,
Her bud has burst to prime!
Her blushing bosoms soften,
Her veins are full of wine,
And like sweet dew drops, often,
Rapt kisses rain — they're mine!

My love is like a cluster
Of grapes in Autumn mauve;
Around, her darlings muster—
She is the Mother Love.
On every side, like tendrils,
They climb and play and rove
Like waves that dance at evening
Within an amber cove!

Harvest Moon.

TO-NIGHT I saw the full moon round,
With winter spicules silvery bright;
(The wind blew soft o'er frozen ground,
The woodlands, stark, were full of light;

The mountains vast were gray and wan,
The valley's mystic depths were blue);
She swam up like a white-winged swan,
And 'cross her breast the cloudlets flew.

I bound my great-coat 'round my form,
I watched her as the night rolled by;
With kindly warning 'gainst the storm
She drew a Great Ring 'round the sky,

A Wheel of Wonder, star begemmed,
And She the glorious Axle round,
With Love's great circlet diademed,
And with his golden chaplets crowned!

Aucassin and Nicolette.

[Lovelay of Old Provence.]

WHEN sunlight fills the south of France,
And peasants with King René dance,
Then soft and sweet the lay was sung
How troth was kept—when Love was young
(Though eyelids droop, and cheeks grow wet
For "Aucassin and Nicolette.")

How she was woodman's daughter fair
Whom he, the Prince, loved to despair!
The King was wroth, the courtiers scowl,
The black priests curse with bell and cowl,
The Prince holds fast, and lets them fret;
Nor will he yield his Nicolette!

They cast him in a dungeon low,
And swear he'll "ne'er to heaven go!"
"Do you go there?" he asks with wit;

“Is that the place where such folks fit?
Then let me go where you don’t get,
—With Love and Life, and Nicolette”!

They take from him his titles all,
And threat that direst woes befall.

“You must some courtly dame espouse
And give us revel and carouse.
For if you don’t, we’ll hang you, yet;
And, also, that young Nicolette!”

But hark! The people rise en masse!
For Love, you know, brings things to pass!
They fling the King and courtiers out!
The cringing, cursing monks they flout!
Their brave young Prince on throne is set.
And crowned their King—with Nicolette!

Memory.

J F I should fly to be a star.

Wouldst thou, dear, watch me from afar,
And be to me what here you are—
My sympathy ?

Wouldst thou raise eyes, bedewed, to Heaven,
When daylight drooped, at tender even',
And pray that some day thou be given
My destiny ?

Wouldst thou behold those circles far
On which I rode — each dazzling bar —
And ask to join my seraph car —
Infinity ?

Wouldst thou, upon the crumbling earth,
Where once my image had its birth,
Plant some fair vine to clasp, by worth,
Eternity ?

And breathe into the passing air
The incense of a spirit fair
That lives for thee, Love, everywhere,
In ecstasy ?

The Last Swan.

HY beat against the night winds dark,
The mountain lone, the somber plains ?
My very heart-beats hunters hark—
My plumage damp with winter rains!

I hear the lone loon call afar;
The sad moon dips her shallow cup;
The tides are “out”, with bare a star;
The sands have drunk my lakelets up!

What good am I, a waste swan white,
That sings a last song to the year ?
What use to beat against the night,
And wander through the chill wind drear ?

I'll hie me to that silent nook
Where dip the reeds and hush the airs;
A nest that every hope's forsook,
And build it of my dark despairs!

I'll quaff me there my last of woes,
And sink my song beneath my wing;
And when I'm whiter than the snows,
They'll find my Spirit—in the Spring !

Longing and Flight.

FLY with me! Fly with me! Into the West,
Into the west—as the sun goes down!
Each in the bosom that it loves best,
To a couch of roses and eider down!

There in long slumber to droop to rest,
Where only the Ocean hears our moan!

O! for a skiff by its margin grand!
O for the blade of a magic oar!
O for Love's breezes to sweep the strand,
That waft to the long sought farther shore!

There on the pebbles, in peace to sleep,
Lulled by the murmur of deep to deep!

Only the lover knows the way
Over the mountains to that fond shore!
Only Love's eyelids ope' to the Day
That heralds the Kingdom of "Evermore"!
Hasten! O hasten Sweet Spirit of Grace;
Come at Love's call to the Human Race!

Dove Wings.

Oh, had I the wings of a dove,
I would fly! I would fly!
Till I came to the Bosom of Love!
On its breast, on its breast, I would lie!
And never again would I roam
From my rest, from my haven, my home!

Oh, had I the wings of a dove,
So silvered, so spotless, so white!
I would fly the sad world far above,
Till I came to the Fountain of Light!
There, safe from false Fashion's allure,
I would bathe in those billows so pure!

Oh, had I the wings of a dove,
So tender, so gentle, so kind!
I would cease o'er earth's deserts to rove,
And leave all its sorrows behind.
I would follow the song of the lark
Till I came to my Home in the Ark!

Borne upward, borne onward by Faith,
No longer the buffet of wind;
No longer the puppet of Death,
No longer afflicted nor blind;
I would droop, with my pinions so weak,
And nestle, at rest, by Love's cheek!

L'Hille Volante.

ON flying wing
I soar and sing,
Nor ever rest for home!

Over the seas
I seek no ease,
I cross above the foam!

No gentle nest
May warm my breast,
I must be on the wing!
Though heart should break,
And brain should ache,
I'm doomed to fly and sing!

Over the land,
On every hand,
I herald in the Day!
Bird of the Morn,
The night I scorn,
I may not sleep nor play!

See—on my plume,
The iris bloom,
It is the breath of Spring!
Awake! Awake!
The shadows break
Before my skyward wing!

Into my home
I, too, shall come,
Toward the closing year;
My course well run,
Beyond the sun
My Bride and Rest appear!

There in the Breast
Of Love, at rest,
I shall no longer roam;
Clasped in Her peace
My task shall cease,
In Paradise my Home!

The Visitor.

J DREAMED I lived long ages past
Within a star of prior night.
It bore me while the shades ~~did~~ did last
Before the morning come to light!

I knew its cerements hung damp
About my brow, around my form;
And though I bore an angel's lamp
It tossed me in the arms of storm!

Away! away! I can not wait!
I bring thee joy—or bring thee harm—
'Tis thou must say, for it is late,
And midnight wraps me in her arm!

I must be gone to whence I came;
I have my tryste with those that gleam;
My song is sung; my heart is lame;
And earth is but an hour's dream!

There is one soul, perchance, who flings
(As far across the stars in flight
I plume and spread a wanderer's wings)
Some farewell—through the coming night.

Perchance—who knows—had it but stayed
The drooping flight, the restless hour,
The goodbye might have been delayed,
The spirit found again its power!

Soft sinks the twilight o'er the plain;
The moonlight floods the mountain round:
Good bye! I may come back again
In springbuds and in birdlings' sound!

But thou—O soul! that loved me once—
Where wilt thou be, should I but call?
—In colors of autumnal months?
—In rainbow—or in waterfall?

Homeward.

YOU may not care for a faint, frail song,
Sung far up in the tree,
Where the tiptop branches quaver
And the winds blow wild and free;
But I sang as I felt in my sadness,
I sang as I'd loved to roam
With the winds and the waves in their madness,
And now I'm flying home!
With the winds and the waves in their gladness
And now I am going home!

Perchance when the world has grown silent,
Its music of fashion all gone,
You will hear from the depths of your being
A voice that is tender and lone.
It will come from a far off mountain,
Where never walked mortal feet;
It will breathe of the forest and fountain,
And thrill with a fragrance complete;
It will LIVE in the forest and fountain,
And make your life COMPLETE.

Eagles.

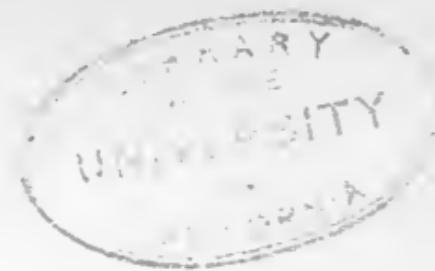
J RESTED on a grassy knoll
Where man had toiled and Time rolled by;
I saw the passive mountain old,
And watched the eagles in the sky.

The Mountain said: "My son, take heed;
From age to age the Truth endures."

The Eagle said: "My son, bespeed!
The Spirit calls, the sky is yours."

I laid me down my mantle old
Of flesh, beneath the mountain sod;
The crystals kept it pure and cold,
And o'er it bloomed the golden-rod.

But as I rose and glanced on high—
A lamp of seven candles white!
On eagle wings I clove the sky
And passed forever from the night!



Dante and Beatrice.

J STAGGERED through a vale of tears—
My poet led—I trembling stepped!
He was God's spirit, thro' the years,
And knew (how deeply!) why I wept.

His arm was wrapped around my form,
And held me up through every storm.

I drank the shades of Erebus,
And walked quite through the vale of death!
And ah! how sadly did discuss
With him, the sights that caught my breath!
—'Till far beyond its smoke and fires
He brought me to my soul's desires.

For now there burst upon my eyes
The lights of meadows Asphodel!
I heard the songs of Paradise,
And clasped the Form I loved so well!
While all around, the birdlets sing!
And, alway, flowers immortal bloom!
And Beatrice gives me her ring
Because her Love fills all the room!

Il Paradiso.

THE gates of pearl and glory,
Are swinging wide apart!
I see the fond old story,
Two lover's –heart to heart!

They pass far into Heaven
Beside bright crystal streams,
And taste the sacred leaven
That fed their former dreams!

They glide along a terrace
Of deathless floral bloom;
They wander through God's palace
And dwell from room to room!

They clasp each other's fingers,
Entwined in love's allure;
They kiss, embrace, and linger
In bliss forever sure!

Segments.

SO LONG astray in a world so blind!
What fate hath held them apart, unkind?
* * * *

A breeze sweeps over the earth's wan face,
They see each other — they rush — embrace!
And a heavenly host looks down to greet
A new born bliss in their wedding meet.
Henceforth forever, howe'er apart,
They are one body, they are one heart!

* * * *

Hush! 'tis the sound of the passing bell,
And a light breaks in that lifts the spell;
The mists unroll, the bars are riven—
They are one soul and they are in Heaven!

* * * *

Hark how the seraphs stay their feet!
"They were but segments—they are COMPLETE."

Thought and Action.

SOMETIMES thought waits on action, and the
Dream
Is born in going; and the strong desire
Comes as a friction starts a flame of fire,
Or nearness brings attraction; and I ne'er had loved
Had I not risen first and forward moved.

Yet action comes of thought, and loves to wait,
Halting, as children swing the garden gate,
And fear to venture forth; their mother's voice
Sounds sweet behind, commanding from the dust
and noise;
They know, if once "runover," thought may come
too late!

Ah, once, when I was young, 'twas action brave
I sought and followed, and it led my heart;
Now thought and conscience twined have made me
slave.

I wait their tender summons to "arise and start."
Lord, keep them all so linked that they may never
part.

And maybe, as I go, the light will grow to more;
And growing more, the braver shall I stride.
Thought leads, but oft by action is not marred.
Hounds circle hunters, whom they scarce regard,
And yet the gun and voice their wayward motion
guide.

Head or Heart ?

THE heart is nobler than the head —
• **T** Were this not so the soul were dead.
Tell me not—this or that man's "smart";
Earth needs more men of nobler heart
To lead a zealous life for Faith,
And by strong courage conquer Death.

I care not for the brain of skill,
Where brilliance leads so oft to ill:
The wily diplomat — the chief —
Whose deaths are but the world's relief,
Vain of their practice, or their sword,
And proud of dictatorial word.

Give us the men of generous deed,
The friend proved true through every need,
The love that's faithful to the end,
The sympathy that dares to bend.

Give us the love of tenderness,
That feels for human life's distress;
Far, far above the intellect,
Such comradeship the gods elect.

My Home.

WITHIN my heart, I have a Home
All bright with tender loving ties;
There I return—howe'er I roam—
And rest with gently shaded eyes.

There Love, that passed to Heaven before,
Returns to clasp my soul to hers,
And when we've closed the senses' door
Each spirit chord within us stirs.

We know and hold each other's form,
We drink again from spirit eyes,
And safe against all earthly storm
We share anew each heart surprise.

There is my Home—Time cannot touch
Nor wounds attack! nor evermore
Can Earth provide another such
'Till we two reach the upper shore.

Sweet Wild Rose.

ALONE I walked within the forest shade,
When all the Spring with verdure was enhanced,
And there within a cool and silent glade,
Upon a modest Wild Rose, fair, I chanced.

What makes thee, sweetest fay, so shy and lone,
'Mid all the forest glories so complete?
Is it thy frail wan beauty—that I own—
Clinging so plaintive to my passing feet?

Or is it that faint incense so divine,
Wafted from heaven and caught within thy blush?
Or opening petals like ambrosial wine,
Or daintiest kisses given in evening's hush?

No! fondest flower, most chaste, most passing fair,
Casting thy heart's full rapture in one daylight's
glow—
Opening thy bosom's beauty to one Spring day's air,
It is because my True Love loved thee so!

One White Rose.

HER white, white rose! I saw it bloom,
Beneath fond skies, above her tomb.
It was so frail, so pure and fair,
Its fragrance melting on the air;
Its form so perfect in its grace,
I knew in it her angel face
Come back to bless with heavenly bloom.
It was her spirit from the tomb!

I bent and kissed it as it grew,
Its tender petals fair and few;
So still in its intensity,
So full of God's divinity!

I knew her, in her robes of white,
Serene and sweet with heavenly light!
O angel bright! O spirit dear!
Come back, come back forever here!

Bend down and bloom from year to year!
Drink through thy root each falling tear
I shed beside thee day by day,
And slowly bear my grief away;
And pour it forth upon the wind,
An incense blessed to help mankind
Up from this slab of graven stone
To the bright steps of Jesus' throne.

God's Tokens.

GENTLE flowers, what shall we do
To manifest our love to you,
For all the light and hope divine
That through thy quiet petals shine ?

How long within the winter's tomb
Ye bore the silence and the gloom;
How long, with Faith's almighty art.
Ye've twined your roots 'round Nature's heart.

Yes! then She knew you for Her own,
And broke the bonds of clod and stone;
Her soft breath breathed your incense sweet;
Her mother fingers twined your feet.

Her mother's blood poured through your frame.
Her loving blush was in your flame;
Her dimples in your tender smile
That all man's grief and tears beguile.

Bloom, gentle flowers, about her brow,
Whose soul is part of Nature's now;
Whose heart is God's, whose love is ours,
And kisses us through all His flowers.

Ministering Angels.

SWEET Shelley—by the river's bank
Wandering with True Love for eternal mate,
Did hear the Sky Lark, as on high it sank
Within the cloudlands—into Heaven's gate.

He fancied it "the Lark", but well I know
'twas Love
With pinions broad and free, that bore his
soul above!

For once, beside a southland stream,
When nights were rich and moons were full,
I walked in such divinest dream,
And clasped my angel beautiful!

The nightingale, I thought, was plainting
to us both.
Dear Heart! I now know well. it was our
tender troth!

O moons so tremulous, so sad!
O stars that watch o'er land and sea!
Bend low! come close! with whisper glad,
And bring my Heart's Love back to me!

And when across Life's shore I hear the
seraphs sing
Let it be her loved voice that filleth every
thing!

O earth so warm and sweet!
O skies so bright—so blue!
Thy bliss with ours must meet
And blend our lives with you.

We are thy children frail—from out Thy
Heavenly heart:
Great Nature fold us safe, in Love no more
to part!

Martha's Spirit.

TO-DAY I wandered by the woods and waves,
And watched the summer sky burst pure and
bright;
The green banks that the gentle water laves
With silvered surface and with liquid light;
The wind went rustling through the swaying trees,
The birds sang blithely to the passing breeze.

The vine that clambered on the old gray wall;
The nests that lurked in bushes by the way;
The light boat dancing, with its bird-winged sails;
The joyous children as they pranced at play;
O'er all the kindly earth there grew a peace serene,
And there, in every spot, my True Love's form was
seen!

Her face was floating in the rosewhite cloud;
Her heavenly eyes shone through the azure air;
Her robes were swaying in those leafy crowds;
In golden grains and grasses waved her hair!
I felt her fingers kind pass lightly o'er my face;
I heard her footfall soft, in all its grace!

O, my Beloved ! Thou art everywhere to me,
Within each beauty that the world contains !
Though thou hast passed above, serene and free,
Thy loving presence all my life sustains !

What would the round world be but some vast void
If Heaven and Hope should flee, Faith be destroyed ?

I trust the Lord of Life because He made thy love ;
I rest within His power because he framed thy face ;
The pure sky points me to His home above ;
Songbirds and flowerets prove to me His grace.

Each endless river, steeped in Spring's perfume,
Tells of Life's ocean tides beyond the tomb !

Each star that twinkles in the twilight shade ;
Each morning rising on the darkened night ;
Each lark-song bursting from the quiet glade,
Proclaim " At eventide it shall be light " !

When pain is past and griefs try hearts no more,
Immortal Love shall fold us on Life's brighter shore.

My Oversoul.

SWEET Oversoul, from all about me stealing
Thy deep aroma and thine incense fine,
I feel Thy glorious life's intense revealing
Thy matchless fragrance and thy richest wine.

What though the zephyrs, through the nightwatch
failing,
Sink into faintness through my sad heart lone ?
What though I know my form is worn and ailing,
My Love harks deeper to its Undertone.

I know its quiet minor chords are breaking
With the dull anguish of a lot forlorn ;
Through all its reeds I hear the night wind shaking,
The mournful music that I knew when I was born.

Why was I cast upon the shore of Time, forsaken,
With Love's deep hunger gnawing at my heart ?
Oh, for the soul that was my own soul's making,
The long sought spirit kept, in pain, apart !

Come thou ! with kiss the keener for the waiting ;
Drink up my life with ecstacy more vast !
Deep unto deep, the thirst of true love slaking,
Fed with a fullness that shall ever last !

Consolation.

J HEAR the Spring bird fling his strain
 Into the teeth of Winter and the night;
 I hear the woodbrooks rippling on again,
And note the robin on his northward flight.
 “To thee, sad soul, this sign the good God gives;
 Awake thy faith and know that ‘thy Redeemer
 lives!’ ”

The buds are breaking on the moss-grown tree,
 The tangled tarn is sparkling to the light;
A softer wind is sighing down the lea,
 And thro’ the frost the snowdrop struggles bright.
“Brave heart, how canst thou fail that thus thy
 nature grieves,
When all God’s nature cries, ‘Thy great Redeemer
 lives?’ ”

Within a grass-grown mound my Love lies sleeping
 still;
My tears have mingled there with every floweret’s
 root!
“But ‘twas her body’s dust, her soul has risen to fill
 Its place in seraph bands about the Saviour’s foot;
And now with them she knows Him whom her
 faith believes.
Awake thy harp of Hope! Her great Redeemer
 lives!

Hear! o’er the echoing hills their angel choirs come!
 Hark! in the soul’s still ear, her voice so far and
 sweet!
Glance to that starry host that is her happy home.
 And see the loved ones gone that there her presence
 greet!
Her God that gave such love, is not one that de-
 ceives;
She says, ‘Be strong! I know that our Redeemer
 lives!’ ”

Sheaves.

•W HEN plovers pipe, and the year is ripe,
And color floods the mellow leaves;
We do not fear for the fading year,
We gather in the harvest sheaves.

The wild wind grieves

And the sea bereaves,

But we store up the golden sheaves!

Old age is bright when the heart is light,
And Love builds under the old home eaves.
By the long life—strain, and the brave heart's
pain,
We gather up the harvest sheaves!
By deeds well done
And faith that's won,
We gather up the golden sheaves!

O God of Grace with a Mother's face,
Thanks for the hope that the soul receives;
For the love we own, and the dear ones gone;
Thou gatherest Thy golden sheaves!
On Thy broad Breast warm,
With Thy great kind Arm,
Thou gatherest Thy Golden Sheaves!

Tzion.

WHAT is Love's crime, that it must ever be
Broken upon the wheels of destiny?
Saint Catherine's body—ever bent, bereaved!
Sweet Christ's—alas, so often still, deceived!

What is the Heart's complaint, that it must know
The joy, the sorrow, and the thoughtless blow,
The bitter sweet, the thorn crown's little ruth,
The cross that goes before till this spell—Truth?

What is Love's fault that it must ever show
A smiling face where lurks the smothered woe?
While, bearing all, it knows not how to rise
Nor hide the stifled anguish of its eyes!

What has it done—that it must ever share
The world's wan strain—its midnight—its despair—
Its tempest toss—its path so little clear
Enveiled in shrouding mists of Doubt and Fear?

Brave Love! we know not where, nor when, nor why,
But still we follow Thee—until we die!
We welcome humbling scorn—the blow—the pain—
So be it Thou but lead, till Heaven we gain!

Affliction.

 PREGNANT sorrow of the heart
That hides itself with poignant art
And like the Spartan fox of old
Gnaws out the life—beneath the fold
Of our poor dumb humility;
And eats out its tranquility!

How is the earth grown dark and bare!
I clasp one little lock of hair—
One little glove—a fold of lace—
A kiss—worn image of her face,
Down which my tears forever flow
With heartbreak's surging undertow!

What is the world now, with its blind
And dreary wastes—so little kind?
Its deserts where the spirit faints
And for Life's cool spring water plaints;
Love's green oasis in the glow;
Life's one true rest on earth below!

O to lie down beyond the heat,
Alone, apart, at True Love's feet!
To droop the hot brow on her breast
And in its murmured soothings rest!
To see the soft light, from her eyes
Look down like stars from Paradise!

What shall I do, now, blind and stark
Staggering into the future's dark?
I hear the night birds, lone and shrill,
And the sad weep of whippo'will.
I catch the dull splash of the river
And the cold wind with its evening shiver!

O Love Divine that stooped to earth
And brought to us Thy "Second Birth,"
Didst Thou not bear Thy cross alone,
Thy thorn crown, and Thy dull tombstone?
—Yet angels bright sat at the door
Where Thy bruised corse had lain before!

Dids't Thou not rise—in light serene
As winter yields to springtime green?
Didst Thou not cast thy cerements,
Revealing thy sublime Intents,
And out of darkness bring the light?
And from the earth mold come forth—white!

November.

STANGE Friend, how com'st thou with thy
pallor keen,
To chill the warm, sweet breeze that summer
evening fanned ?

" Doest thou not know I ripen all things green,
And with my sickle ope' the seed cells to the land ?

" The pure white snow my blanket is, so warm !
It shelters them from frost and fertilizes earth ;
Each sparkling crystal gem shall keep the germ from
harm,
And, in each bud of beauty, shall awake to birth !

" When once again the heart of Springtime woos the
wind,
And, softened by the storm, the mellow mold unfolds ;
Out of the ice and rain, the Winter shall prove kind,
And thou shalt clasp again thy loved ones, as of old."

* * * *

So shall my heart rejoice, though seated, sad and lone,
Beside the silent hearth, while tender tear drops fall.
Mother of Christ! Thou knew the pang that clove the
bone,
And yet, in Heavenly Light Thou claspest all in all!

The Latter Rain.

Y GENTLE flowers drooped and pined
Through the long drouth, while hot winds
fanned

Those tender buds I'd striven to mind,
And those bright rows so deftly planned.

The roses paled, the violets fled,
The jonquils failed, the pansies died;
They slept by my Beloved Dead,
And over them the sad wind sighed.

Dear Lord, that gave them all to me,
The fair, the fragrant, and the dear,
Didst Thou not all my labor see,
And count and weigh each falling tear

Behold them watered with my grief,
My heart's deep fount of bitter pain;
Salt streams that gave such scant relief
And died at source—to fall again!

* * * *

But what are these that gently fall
Upon the parched and thirsty sod?
Sweet drops of rain Thy grace recall!
Surely they are the tears of God!

Yea, now I know Thou weepest, too,
And hearest every human heart;
For lo! the desert smiles anew,
And blooms with Thy consoling Art.

Those Forms Celestial.

SEEST thou the bright buds on the tree,
That bloom from out Infinity ?
Seest thou the flower and tender fruit
That rises, mystic, from the root ?
Deep hidden in the womb of Earth,
Within a seed they had their birth.

But who had born that seed, I pray ?
"Great Mother Earth," the wise men say.
But who bore her, and you, wise men ?
Look further, deeper, think again.

Whence came this planet and those suns,
And Life that through creation runs ?

Ah, yes, within an ocean vast
Of Life and Love and Beauty, passed
A current like a mighty wind,
With poems from the Almighty Mind ;
Filled with His wisdom, love and art,
And tenderest feelings of His heart.

Whence came the brain of Newton brave,
Upon this ocean, like some wave ?
The soul of Shakespeare ? Lincoln's heart ?
Great Kepler's eye ? young Raphael's art ?
Unselfish life of Washington ?
And that vast love of Mary's Son ?

Whence came the cry of Liberty,
That every conscience should be free
To know its God, by Him be blest,
And in His love and wisdom rest ?
Out of that ocean of all bliss
We've learned the source of "mother's kiss."

Tell me, is that a God less fair
Than all his matchless flowerets are ?
Is that a Mind less wise or high
Than the best brains that ask Him " Why " ?
Is God's great Soul less pure and good
Than His best types of womanhood ?

Has He no heart to feel our woe
When from us back to Him they go ?
Would any father, half so wise,
Blight hope and light from his child's eyes ?
Would He bereave where we would bless,
And curse where mother would caress ?

No! to the splendor of the sun
All tides of Life and Beauty run !
From Him they came, to Him they go ;
Their ebb and tide is His heart's flow ;
He will preserve each feature fair
That doth His nature's Self declare.

More precious far our souls to Him
Than bubbles breaking on the brim
Of basin. No mere nothings, we,
But children of Eternity.
The Godhead's love is in our heart,
And all our being is His Art.

The grain thou sowest—does it die ?
No! 'tis REBORN before thine eye !
There is a " Form terrestial ",
And one, more bright, " celestial " !
The atoms change, but onward ever
The Spirit lives to new endeavor !

Winter Stars.

It is the frosty night
When, clear and strong and bright,
There bursts the Christ Tide strain
Above the year's dull pain,
 And tells of Love
 Far, far above
The sobbing rain!

I wander, lone and still,
Into the evening chill,
Upon the mountain side;
And watch this Christmas tide
 Descend again
 To suffering men
That here abide.

Enwrapt in sad surprise
I glance, with glistening eyes!
The stars seem low and near,
Brightening with influence clear;
 Streaming—so pure—
 So strong and sure—
As though to chide my fear!

They know my heart's lone cry
Lest with Love's wounds I die !
Spirits of God they seem
Parting the night's blue dream
With candelabra rays
Heralding heavenly days
Through golden gates that stream !

O, Life Divine, complete,
Hasten with eager feet,
My soul to heal !
See—'neath Thy stars I kneel,
My battle won,
My Passion crown !
My Victory seal !

The Diamond.

THEY tell me of a diamond
They found in dust and sand ;
Its luster ever brilliant,
Its glories ever grand !
It was the light of Beauty
— Between the atoms frail !
It was the Star of Duty
— Whose splendors never pale !
It was the Flame of Goodness
— Whose grace filled all the room !
It was the Torch of Genius
— That banished all the gloom !

Follow Thou Me.

WHAT though the night be dark or chill
And the path be steep up over the hill?
The road is rough to more than thee,
And high is the call of Destiny:
“Follow thou Me!”

What though thy locks be damp with dew,
Thy friends be far, thy forces few;
Though wild wolf laugh, though hoots the owl,
Though maid prove false, or man be foul—
“What’s that to thee?”

Grand is this school of growing men!
The moons must wane, yet wax again!
The breakers roll on endless shore,
And the tempest rises evermore,
Thou canst not flee!

The father toils—but for his child;
The mother chides—but her heart is mild;
Why art thou here, dost thou suppose?
To catch the BEAUTY in the rose!
To hear the SONG in the mighty sea!
Press up the Heights and bravely be!
What are the thorns to thee?

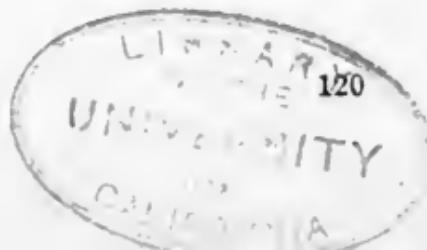
The Bird and the Grave.

OVER her form I hear a song
That wraps my heart—the whole year long!
It comes with love and tender Spring,
And woven in each nest-wound string,
There is a Peace that shall prevail!
Sweet Song! Sweet Nest! Sweet Nightingale!

I know, from God the bird doth come,
As, from The Ark, the dove did roam.
It brings its song from Heaven's gate
To tell me that her soul doth wait
To welcome me with boundless love.
Sweet Ark! Sweet Gate! Sweet earlier Dove!

Blest be thy bower O bird of joy!
Blest be thy dear, divine employ,
Thou messenger of heavenly peace!
And may thy fledglings never cease
To come—to grow—and aye prolong
Sweet Hope! Sweet Faith! Sweet angel Song!

Ah! in my heart there is a nest
Where once she laid her pledges blest,
And covered them so warm and true,
And mothered them and upward flew
To bring them to God's Bosom pure.
Sweet Pledge! Sweet Home! Sweet Union sure!





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